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EDITORS:

SHERRERO DEPUE, N. J.
CHAS. F. MCCLUMPHA, N. Y.

JONATHAN STURGES, N. Y.
FRANK S. WOODRUFF, N. J.

MANAGING EDITORS:

C. W. MCILVAINE, VT.

THED. PERSHING, PA.

TREASURER:

C. R. WYLIE, JR., PA. Lock Box 37.

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A Poet and a Principle.

“THE scene is always drawn with a gentle ease and grace, suggesting that it springs up in the poet’s imagination with as rapid and natural a growth as the strokes which delineate it before your eyes; for he makes no heavy draft upon your imaginative power to follow him; you seem to be sharing with him the very vision which he paints.” This is the ascription of a rare power. The author is said to possess that delicate sympathy with his readers which makes his thoughts seem to be their thoughts, which insinuates his train of fancy into their minds, so that they believe for the moment that the vision is the product of their own imagining. He pitches his thoughts in the same key with theirs. Following in unison, awakened as if naturally and of necessity, his thoughts then swell and sink away in their minds with as strict a harmony as that with which the strains of a melody rise together and die away in the air. To look upon a landscape with the mind absorbed at the time with nothing else, is to follow in fancy any train of thought suggested by the landscape. To the observer his thoughts are apparently running a free course. But in reality their course is

determined by the landscape itself through its suggestions. So the author unconsciously perhaps to his readers may determine the course of their fancies. This charm is wrought only by the author possessed of a delicate sympathy with his readers. This charm Mr. Hutton, the English critic, ascribes to Mr. Matthew Arnold—"You seem to be sharing with him the very vision which he paints." Not questioning the fact, let us examine it in the light of the reason assigned for it by Mr. Hutton—"For he makes no heavy draft upon your imaginative power to follow him." If this reason is sufficient, it can stand the test of development. Let us develop it.

"You seem to be sharing with him the very vision which he paints." This subtle sympathy of mind Hawthorne makes a characteristic of Hilda in the "Marble Faun." It is a kind of delicate medium, through which your fancy penetrates and reaches the spiritual interpretation of some painting. If you went with her to a gallery in Rome, * * "even her *silent sympathy* was so powerful that it drew your own along with it, endowing you with a second-sight that enabled you to see excellences with almost the depth and delicacy of her own perceptions." Does not Mr. Hutton ascribe this fine quality of sympathy to Mr. Arnold? And here we find Hawthorne ascribing the very same power to the artist Hilda. Does not this suggest the analogy sought? For, as Hilda and her companion pause and gaze in silence upon some picture, so the author and readers, as it were, stand and look together at some painting of the imagination. He draws the vision "with a gentle ease and grace." They may fail to perceive his influence. They are endowed by him with second-sight. They see the excellences of the vision "with almost the depth and delicacy" of his own perceptions. Yet they forget him for the time. He is a medium. The vision assumes so naturally the familiar character of their own mental furniture, that it seems as if produced, not assimilated, by their fancies. It is naturalized

into the dominion of their minds, and from being foreign it becomes native to their thoughts. In short, they "*share* with him the very vision which he paints." How is it possible that the same words can be applied to the actual and the imaginative painting? Because both require the coöperation of the observer's sensibility, and especially his imagination. They appeal to the same faculties for appreciation. "There is always the necessity of helping out the painter's art with your own resources of sensibility and imagination." And it is indifferent whether the painter be poet or artist with brush.

In saying that the reader "shares with him the very vision which he paints," Mr. Hutton, therefore, has ascribed to Mr. Arnold a power of description which requires sensibility, and, especially, imagination, as response from the reader. Yet he declares that Mr. Arnold "makes no heavy draft upon your imaginative power to follow him." Does not this imply a contradiction? Examine further the exact exercise of the imagination in this "sharing" and assimilation of our author's vision. Imagination may beget unconsciousness of all save the subject upon which it plays. This is true of its freest exercise. It is then a solvent. It loosens us from all the ties by which our surroundings would bind our attention and concentrates our vision upon the one subject of its exercise. It is the mind's microscope. For it cuts us off from the view of all surroundings and centers our gaze toward the object upon the mind's slide. Again, this unconsciousness, begotten of imagination, is the gauge of its exercise. The greater the play of the imagination, the more absorbed may be the mind. We have only to appeal for confirmation to such phrases as "*rapt* in fancy," "*lost* in reverie," "*carried away* in dreams." But this unconsciousness we have seen was essential to the complete assimilation of our author's vision. It argues, therefore, a high play of the imaginative faculty on the part of the reader. We are forced, then, to throw aside Mr. Hutton's explanation, that

Mr. Arnold "makes no heavy draft upon your imaginative power to follow him." Rather, it is in virtue of this very draft upon your imaginative power that you are enabled to follow the workings of his fancy. Else you could not "seem to be sharing with him the very vision which he paints."

To throw aside one explanation demands another in its place. The fact is clear, that, in the exercise of his power of sympathy with his readers, Mr. Arnold appeals to their imagination. He appeals to it to such an extent that they become unconscious, for the time, of all save the vision. But what are the means employed in this appeal? To absorb the readers' minds so completely implies advantage taken by the author of some natural mental principle. What is that principle? Inquire of the poet himself by examining some one of his similes. In them we can best discover his methods. For a simile is a professed attempt to convey knowledge by comparison, often by some picture. It is figurative. The method pursued here, then, will give hints of the method pursued in the conveyance of other visions or mental pictures. The following is taken from "Sohrab and Rustum." The Persian and Tartar hosts are facing each other on the plain of the Oxus. There is none among the Persians to accept the challenge of Sohrab, the Tartar hero, to single combat. They are stricken with fear in consequence:

"But as a troop of peddlars from Cabool
Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus,
That vast sky-neighboring mountain of milk snow;
Crossing so high that, as they mount, they pass
Long flocks of travelling birds dead on the snow,
Choked by the air, and scarce can they themselves
Slake their parch'd throats with sugar'd mulberries—
In single file they move, and stop their breath,
For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging snows—
So the pale Persians held their breath with fear."

The poet is here giving a complete conception of the characteristic fear possessing the Persians. How does he accomplish it? He compares their fear with that inspiring

the Cabool peddlars, as they straggle under the Indian Caucasus, and hold their breath in presence of the threatening avalanches. This feeling of fear is the primary object which the author wishes to lodge in the readers' minds, and toward which their gaze is principally directed. How is the conception of this fear conveyed? Subordinate circumstances are brought forward. But they are a mere setting to the primary thought. It cannot be presented without them; but they are simply as divergent lines, leading attention invariably to it. They are essential, yet not so essential as to arrest attention upon themselves. In the example cited, a conception of the fear inspiring the Cabool peddlars would not be conveyed to the reader if stress were not laid upon the difficulties of the journey which accompanied the rise of their fear. In the vast height of "the sky-neighboring mountain," the eternal capping of "milk snow," the long lines of dead birds, pointing in their death to the rarefied air and the difficulty of respiration, the avalanches of snow, ready to dislodge themselves at the disturbance of a single breath, in all these attendant circumstances we see the sum and substance of the fear inspired. They are necessary, yet only necessary in being seen together with and pointing to the central object. The case of actual vision is analagous. You can never look at an object without involuntarily taking other objects into the sweep of your vision. From looking at some bright scene in nature, where to see one object is to see many; to see one tree in a forest, many others around it; to peering at some small light in the darkness of a fog, where, if nothing else, you see the dense mist beside the light, there is always more than one object on which the eye rests. But the other objects are undoubtedly essential in placing and setting off the principal object to which the attention is directed.

This may be but illustration or new explanation of an old point in mental principles. Can more than one thing be before the mind at the same time? Any assertion contains

a subject which we wish primarily to compare, and subordinate the predicate with which we wish to compare it. Is this not another statement of the principle found in the use of the simile above? Cannot the mind, while looking at one object primarily, take into its vision at the same time others subordinate? But this is only a question of method. Whether the principle be instantaneous or successive in its operation, it is employed with equal force in literature.

Robert Browning asks and answers:

"What does it all mean, poet? Well,
Your brains beat into rhythm. You tell
What we only felt; you expressed."

The reverse is just as true. Poets not only tell what we feel, but we feel also what they may incline to tell. So Mr. Arnold inclines, perhaps, to tell in rhythm some vision. He paints it with such skill and sympathy that you become unconscious that it is the product of his imagining, and fancy it your own. He secures your unconsciousness by appealing to your imagination. His method is the principle that one conception can best be conveyed if accompanied by subordinates. So "you seem to be sharing with him the very vision which he paints."

MARALI.

My Queen.

ONCE I knew a sweeter maiden
Than a poet ever dreamed,
Crowned with charms so simply regal,
That to me a queen she seemed.

So a queenly place I made her,—
It was in my heart of hearts,
Where, enthroned, she ruled completely,
Ruled my life in all its parts.

It was sweet to be thus governed,
Sweeter far than then I knew;
Now I mourn the jealous folly
That my radiant queen o'erthrew.

For my silly rage deposed her,
Drove her from her rightful place,
And my life lost half its meaning
When it missed her tender grace.

When a clearer vision showed me
All the ruin I had done,
Vain were longing and regretting,
For my dainty queen was gone.

Still her throne is sad and empty,
For in all this dreary space
I have never met a maiden
Who could fill her vacant place.

But I hope, am ever hoping,
That as ends a horrid dream,
So will end this time of longing,
When my throne reclaims its queen.

TARPY.

"There's Many a Slip," Etc.

"OCH! Mrs. McGlynn, and have yez heard the news?" "Phat news is that?" "Ould Tim Killian died this mornin'." "Now yez don't mane it; augh, bad scran to the day!" "Yis, an' his son Andy's home, an' they're goin' to have an ilegant wake." "Sure he ought to have a foine wan. Me ould man an' he came over from Oirland thegither fifty years ago." "He was a dacent man, an' as good a miner as ever was before he hurt his back. The colliery's goin' to stop work for the funeral." Then Mrs. Muloney went back to her oven, and Mrs. McGlynn retired to the shanty to prepare the mid-day meal for thirteen little McGlynns. Two nights afterward the Killian mansion was

a scene of sad and chastened revelry. Old Tim was one of the best known men in the valley, being over ninety years of age, and his family had determined that he should have a funeral worthy of his name and their social position. The goats and chickens had been subjected to two days' astonishment by being debarred from the house. Bushels of boiled potatoes, a whole barrel of whiskey, and a tub of long-cut tobacco—"Miners' Choice"—had been procured, and were displayed in the kitchen with profuse hospitality. In the front room the corpse lay in state upon the bed. To put it in the coffin would hide the beautiful upholstery of that piece of furniture.

"He do make the beautifulest body, don't he now?" said Mrs. McGlynn to the women standing around. "Och! Oi haven't seen a foiner since me own Terry died, rest his sowl," and Mrs. O'Toohey mentally compared the coffin in the center of the room with that in which her husband had been laid away, after drinking himself to death in the "shabeen shop," which his widow still kept. The men were gathered in the kitchen. A basin, full of long-stemmed, white clay pipes, had been passed around, and the room was as full of smoke as its occupants were of illicit "shabeen." They had talked about all the virtues of the deceased, and had drank to each and every one of his shining qualities. How he had one time thrown a boss down an air-shaft for suggesting that Tim had cheated in a bull-pup fight. The story of the damaged sheriff who had tried to eject him from some land on which he had once squatted. Then followed his adventure in the Primrose mine on the occasion of the great explosion, when he had been imprisoned under ground for ten days, living on mule flesh all the time. Peter McNally, the undertaker, at this point undertook to relate the incidents of that terrible disaster; but his mind evidently wandered, and he only muttered, "Nineteen purtiest corpses yez iver seed, an' Oi buried 'em all dacent." Then he proceeded to drink to

each of them till he could drink no more, and sank gently to the floor beside the fragments of his shattered pipe. The women had joined the group, and through the thick smoke came their lamentations, and their sad tones as they asked for one more "drap of the comfort." At last, overcome by grief, they all slumbered, and the corpse in the front room was hardly more inanimate than the quondam watchers.

But just as dawn came stealing over the bare mountains, dimly showing the huge coal breakers and giving a little light by which the miners of the night shift could find their way home, Peter McNally slowly and gradually began to remember that a grave duty devolved upon him. He got to his feet by aid of the table, and looked at the slumbering forms around him. The funeral was to be an early one; the collieries could not remain idle long, and the last rites must be performed in season. So Peter roused the near relations to take a last look before he should screw down the lid over all that remained of old Tim. They stumbled into the front room, and then stumbled out again, once more seeking strength and comfort from the barrel; while Peter, overcome by more than usual melancholy, proceeded with his work.

The funeral was indeed an "illegant wan." More than two dozen vehicles were in line. So overcome by their calamity were the near relations that they had to be helped into their carriages, while the pall bearers almost fell in carrying their burden to the hearse. After a ride of a mile or more through the cold morning air, the procession reached the cemetery. Father O'Finney was ready to perform the last ceremonies, and the pall bearers lifted the coffin from the hearse. But what had before seemed so heavy was now remarkably light. Mr. McGlynn was struck with a horrible suspicion. He lost no time in communicating it to Mr. McNally. That gentleman became duly agitated, but whispered that he must keep up appearances for the sake of his

profession. A bright thought struck him: "Me frinds," he began, in an unsteady voice, "it's me ondyin' custom niver to bury a man as moight be aloive." A thrill ran through the grief-stricken "frinds." "Ould Killian was a tough wan, as yez all know. If he should come aloive agin, an' we shouldn't niver know it, Oi could niver forgive mesilf, niver. So, me frinds, let's take wan more look, jist to make sure." The lid was unscrewed. A score of anxious faces peered into the coffin and turned pale and blank when they saw that the corpse—was not there. Mr. McGlynn's suspicion was well-founded. In his excessive grief, Mr. McNally had forgotten to put the corpse in the coffin before he screwed on the lid. The funeral was delayed.

PERSICUS.

Another Side of the Fifteenth Amendment.

BAIRD PRIZE ORATION, BY JAMES M. BALDWIN, S. C.

THE emancipation of the slave in the Southern States was the boldest and most decisive political step that the new world has ever seen. And the results of this step are not yet complete, for questions of the deepest social complexity still agitate the land and demand immediate adjustment. The growth of great moral ideas necessitates corresponding constitutional changes, but these changes never precede the growths to which they belong if they are to be permanently supported and if due provision is to be made for the emergencies that they present. Prohibition is the grandest issue that is now before the country, but neither it nor any other measure for the suppression of intemperance should be adopted until its practical utility is attested and the people are educated to its enforcement. It awaits the popular voice to become, with the abolition of slavery,

the crown of social progress in the nineteenth century. Radicalism has been the greatest enemy to the growth of republican principles in France. When ideas of constitutional freedom are forced upon a people who have not endorsed their theory or adopted their practice, revolution and blood are the pen and ink with which they will record their protest.

This is the principle that must guide us in estimating the results of the fifteenth amendment. It may be true that public opinion in the northern States would have been satisfied with nothing less; but it was not the northern States that were concerned. It may be true that maturer legislation could not be consummated and action was imperative; still the great laws of social development can not be set aside by presidential decree, and the logical results of immature measures can not be avoided on the ground that maturer measures could not be consummated. It is true that the south was blind to the enormity of the slave traffic and did not recognize the right of all men to freedom; but universal suffrage did not open her eyes to the beauties of political justice or elevate her estimate of the negro as a social factor. It was not on the part of the whites of the south, however, that this statute was most premature and its results most perplexing. Private intelligence, political wisdom and military sagacity were by them exhibited that would speedily have readjusted discordant elements in society and harmonized opposing factions. But the negro was to be provided for, the negro was to be elevated from debasing servitude to the grandest freedom; the negro, who had been educated in the school of implicit obedience, whose arithmetic had been the counting of a hundred stripes and the weighing of his daily cotton; whose music had been the clanging of chains and the baying of hounds; whose religion was the superstition of the African jungle mingled with the most solemn rites of Christian worship—he is to be transformed by legislative enactment into a

statesman and a sage, and is to enter the political arena on an equal footing with the descendant of the Puritan! On an equal footing, did I say? Would Heaven it had been so! The result had not been doubtful. But the race was not equal. Two to one was the proportion of ballots that weighed the same. In the hands of the black were all the engines of political power. He bore before him his title to supremacy, ready made out and signed by the leaders of a conquering people. At his side marched the advance guard of a victorious army, whose orders were not sealed, but whose powers were discretionary in supporting him in the exercise of his newly acquired rights. He is to become legislator and executive; the patronage of a dozen States is to rest at his disposal. No longer to obey the commands and dread the displeasure of a superior, he is to be granted an opportunity of balancing his life accounts and of imposing his own terms upon the proud lords whom the fortunes of war had placed at his feet.

And he used this power in a most unexpected manner. Himself too ignorant to hold the reins of government, he played into the hands of the first who espoused his cause. All who bore the grand name of Republican were to him the apostles of mystical freedom and Utopian delight. Born to obey, he knew not how to rule, but fancied a change of masters was the dawn of freedom. Adventurers whom an old society had cast out, came to aid the organization of a new. Profligate soldiers, whose term of service had expired, came to bear away, in the name of law, what they had failed to secure in the name of plunder. Political vultures of every name flew to the feast. Not content with the substance of the white population, they bled the poor negroes who gave them power, throwing them an occasional sop to feed their faith.

The condition of South Carolina, especially, from 1870 to '76, was truly appalling. The misrule of the five years preceding had exhausted her resources; her debt was enlarging,

her tax rates increasing, her credit gone; her courts were a travesty on the fair name of justice; her law-makers were hirelings; her executives thieves. Franklin J. Moses, Governor from '70 to '74, is now incarcerated in Ludlow Street Jail, convicted of "sharping" in the streets of New York. R. K. Scott, his immediate predecessor, is on trial for his life in a Western State for the murder of a friend of his son. Senator Patterson, of the former administration, was caught by United States officials during a raid on a gambling den in Washington. After the election of '76, laborers were employed for days in the State House at Columbia, cleansing its chambers, and rendering them fit to be occupied by a body of gentlemen. During these years there were less than twenty public schools in the State, and these were sustained by private funds, as charitable institutions.

Is it strange that the press, the tribune of plebeian liberties, cried "Veto"? Is it strange that intellectual and commercial energies were prostrated? Is it strange that the planter forgot his crops and the student his books, that the marts became lonely and the streets forsaken, when labor was unproductive and capital unpossessed, when the widow emptied her stocking to pay the tax on the miserable roof that covered her head as a premium on public extravagance, debauchery and crime, and as a bid to desperate adventurers? Is it strange that men of wide learning, unsullied honor, and the truest patriotism, refused to aid the enforcement of laws passed by a body of drunken freedmen, and framed by demagogues that would shame the pretensions of Kleon, the Greek—laws that were submissive of the plainest maxims of political wisdom and fatal to the slight vestige of promise that the war had left? Is it strange that the veterans of Gettysburg and of Chancellorsville forgot that they had been subdued, forgot the opponent of Lee was President of the United States, remembered only the past of prosperity and plenty and peace, and adopted measures both fair and foul to restore Caucasian rule?

I do not defend these measures. The Ku-Klux was the most infamous institution that ever flourished in a civilized community, with one exception—and that exception is negro rule as it then existed. The tissue ballot is the weapon of deceit and fraud. It destroys the law of representation, upon which democratic government is based. It is an infringement of private rights, a direct violation of the provisions of the constitution. But in the south deceit and fraud were not new; an enemy was to be met, of ten years' experience with the same weapons. And as for democratic government and the constitution, both had long since become delusions. By subterfuge and deceit a general breaks the enemy's lines around Vicksburg, and a cry arises from all the land: "Splendid achievement!" "Masterpiece of generalship!" By subterfuge and deceit an election is carried, whereby intelligence is dignified, education promoted, commerce invigorated, debt diminished, credit restored, taxation reduced, tranquility secured, and the blessings of peace and good government provided, and the cry ascends: "Bourbonism in the south!" "Violation of the constitution!" In 1883 a band of paupers lands at Castle Garden; they are forthwith recognized as public burdens and sent back to their native lands. The country generally approves. In 1876 a band of defaulters and convicts, who are subsequently found in northern jails, are banished from the southern States, and the cry is heard: "Social ostracism in the south!" No doubt Spartacus and his fellow gladiators, like the negroes of the south, had abundant cause for complaint, but the Roman senate was right in repressing their outbreak, and in adopting milder measures for redressing their grievances.

The history of the last eight years exhibits the results of the southern policy. Streams that before listened contentedly to the sound of their own dashings, now flow in tune to the hum of the spindle and the clack of the gin. Cain-hoy and Hamburg have dropped the rifle and the sword and have taken the harrow and the plough. Large appro-

priations are made for public education—in Columbia alone twelve hundred children of both races are enrolled in the public schools. High institutions of learning, that the war scythe cut to the ground, are again rising here and there. The capitalist ventures with confidence, and the laborer works with zeal, while the negro sings as he tills his piece of ground or works his evening sum. Do you judge public policy by its results? Where in history is there a greater change and fairer promise? Does morality consist in motives? Let the voice of southern statesmen, the unity of the southern press, and the contentment of all classes attest the complete satisfaction of the motives that actuated the revolution of '76. Is there an intrinsic standard of judgment? Then bring back the pauper from Europe; condemn, with the southern policy, the general at Vicksburg; condemn Washington with his wooden cannon; condemn Rahab, who concealed the spies, and the Judgment that rewarded her; yes, condemn the very hare that instinctively turns upon its track to deceive its bitterest enemy!

But I am not discussing the nature of right and wrong; I am discussing the fifteenth amendment, and its violation; for it has been systematically violated, and it is to-day a dead letter in sections of the land. The question is, Shall it remain so, or shall it be again enforced and the terrible experiment repeated? Its enforcement means the return of negro rule, ignorant legislation, partisan appropriations, the sure revival of the deadliest animosity and race feeling, the paralysis of commerce, the disorganization of society. Can we demand that the South again pass through the ordeal from which she is just emerging, again prostrate herself at the feet of her former slave and later oppressor, relinquish her fond hopes of tranquility and good government, all for the preservation of a statute that has worked the ruin of her dearest interests and whose direct violation has been her only means of redress? No, it can not be asked! In the name of our common republican institutions, in the name of

the liberties our common forefathers fought for and won, in the name of social development whose first and greatest law it has violated, in the name of education whose temple it has destroyed, in the name of morality whose shrine it has polluted—it must not be asked! And it will not be asked. Social and religious sympathy, public and private liberality, the realization in the public mind of the dreadful condition, educational or property qualifications,—some or all of these will solve the problem, and the South will be freed from this dilemma, whose alternatives have been servitude with the fifteenth amendment or freedom without.

A Summer Episode.

“A DIVORCE for desertion!” cried a sallow-faced old lawyer, quickly casting a glance over the top of a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles perched on the end of his nose so tightly as to squeeze the blood into one little glowing spot. “A divorce for desertion! Well now, young man, it will require seven long years of patient waiting for a divorce on those mild grounds. Can’t you think of some graver charges to bring about the measure? Seven long years.”

“Nothing more,” replied the inquirer, smiling at the lawyer’s suggestion.

“You are an exceptional man,” (a longer look over the spectacles this time,) “for most people desire to hasten the business.”

“Well, judge,” said the young man, taking a kindlier tone at the seeming interest in his behalf, “mine is a rather peculiar and unique predicament, a trap in which only a few have been caught. Would you object to hearing a short sketch of proceedings—it’s rather interesting, and a warning to those in danger of playing the same farce?”

First, the lawyer cast his eye up at a tall clock standing opposite his desk, whose face peered out from among a pile of papers stained with old age into all conceivable tints, and forming a fit background for the dingy face of the time-piece; at this he looked, and then deliberately said, "Of course, of course, I should be glad to hear it," settled back in his chair and listened to the following case:

"The old Tally-Ho, running between the head of Otsego lake and Richfield Springs, never carried a jollier load, as it rolled away over those gentle hills, leaving its track marked by a cloud of flying dust, than it did on a sultry July afternoon of 1878. Perched upon the top seat, exposed to the burning rays of the sun, were two college men, idly puffing at cigarettes and pretending to drink in all the beauties of the surrounding landscape, when, in truth, they were casting sly glances into the coach beneath, where sat an interesting party, in turn, not indifferent to the attraction on the outside.

"The whole country was just then teeming with life, and it was a pleasure to escape from the city, in order to breathe the fresh and honeyed odors that float on the lazy breezes as they steal up and down the hills and valleys, carrying a burden loaded with the perfume of ripening clover and harvested fields. Far behind the coach, lost to the low rumble of the heavy wheels and the click, click of the horses' hoofs against the hard turf, dwindled away the road over which they had passed, hidden in a varying landscape of wood and lake and blossoming meadows. Occasionally they would roll by an old farm-house, modestly screened by a door-yard filled with old-fashioned shrubbery and gleaming with long rows of polished milk-pans arranged conspicuously on the sunny side of the house, as if to vie with the brightness of the sun's rays. Ejaculations, noisy chatter and laughter from time to time issued from the old coach's window, whenever something striking attracted the attention of two certain occupants within.

"'How shall we get acquainted with those fair ones inside,' asked one of the two on the top seat, 'for it will be tedious enough at the Springs without knowing some one there?' The coach quietly rolled on for a few moments without any break or interruptions which would furnish any excuse for an introduction. Suddenly a break-water in the road, higher than usual, caused a tremendous jolt, which sent a pink paper-covered book, maybe a novel, flying out the open window. 'My book, my book!' shrieked a feminine voice to the imperturbable driver. Here was an opportunity for breaking the ice. The gallantry of the young traveler soon rescued the precious volume from the dusty road, and returned it hoping that the story had not been seriously interrupted, thinking, at the same time, that it mattered little for one of E. P. Roe's works. He may have said as much, for the favor did not end with formal thanks, but ripened into a lively conversation, in the course of which several mutual friends were discovered. Finding themselves *en route* for the same place, and with the same aims, many plans were laid together for the summer's enjoyment.

"By this time they had reached the hill which overlooks the active, delightful little village of Richfield, buried in the mass of shade trees which overarch the avenues leading through the midst of the town. A first sight at this place will not be soon forgotten. After passing over a long stretch of country roads you are suddenly transported into this little oasis of busy life, gaudily-painted villas, flowering gardens and boat-covered lakes. 'Is it not picturesque and unlike anything you ever saw?' said Miss Talbott, gaining the first view. The driver whipped up the horses, the coach rolled faster on; soon they dismounted before the Spring House and hurried to their rooms.

"Before supper that evening both parties had had an opportunity to rearrange themselves and don other than their dusty traveling suits. This was the first chance for

personal inspection, and, unconsciously, there was a general examination carried on among them, which left each favorably impressed with his new acquaintance. The two gentlemen were introduced to the remainder of the ladies' party, and, during the meal, were launched into a brisk discussion on the relative merits of various summer resorts and hotels.

"I propose a visit to the lake this evening," said Miss Talbott, 'for nothing could be lovelier than to see it for the first time by moonlight.'

"Of course we second that proposition," broke in Mr. Seton, for he was greatly attracted by the charms of this young lady, who had such a delightful way of making one feel perfectly at ease when in her presence and listening to her pleasant wit and laughter. Only these four could be found to venture out; the others were excused on the plea of weariness from the day's ride. Although knowing that the chances of a moon that evening were dubious, as the clouds were rolling up denser and darker in the east, they started out for the lake. A boat was procured, and the party had reached only a few yards from the shore when the pattering rain-drops compelled them to abandon all hopes of boating and retreat to the amusements of the hotel parlors.

"Two separate tableaux were enacted in two separate rooms that evening, which corresponded in many points, with the important exception that young ladies are far more uncommunicative to each other than young men.

"Well, Seton, you are dead gone on that pretty Miss Talbott, if I ain't grandly mistaken, eh?"

"You can't deny," replied Seton, curtly, 'that she is a mighty bright girl, though it will take more than one day for a girl to finish me.'

"Time will tell the story."

"What a strange day it has been," said Louise Talbott, standing before the mirror arranging her hair. 'To think we should have met such pleasant companions. We will have a romantic summer of it, Lot.'

"You will have to do all the romancing, for I am engaged, you know, and shall have to be awfully prim."

"The suspicion of love at first sight was further confirmed during the few weeks intimacy that followed. It was an easy thing to shift plans and adapt circumstances so that all engagements happened to be made at the same time. It was often remarked that Mr. Seton and Miss Talbott, for some unaccountable reasons, always seemed to find difficulty in climbing the steep hills or in rowing their boat; so that they were regarded as constitutionally delinquent on every occasion. The other couple were thus much thrown together, but they never exchanged words concerning their companions, though evidently comprehending the situation. Thus the weeks were rapidly passing away with their delightful routine of rides, walks and boating. In the meantime an accession had been made to this party, in the person of a young man. Mr. Hunter, for that was his name, was always very officious in offering himself as a substitute on their excursions, and thus crept into their private company. Whenever they tramped in the woods, they loaded him down with baskets and wraps, and sent him on ahead to await them. Everyone at the hotel made sport of Hunter, crediting him with a dull mind in not appreciating the figure he was cutting. One day, as they were sitting out on the lawn listening to one of their number reading a book aloud, Hunter was espied approaching, which was the signal for a general burst of laughter and ridicule. The young ladies considered it capital sport to snub him as cruelly as possible.

" 'There are several places about here which we have not yet visited,' said one of the young ladies as they were returning from one of their excursions on the lake. 'We must be sure and invite Mr. Hunter's presence this time; for I am sure he will be of use.' It was now quite a matter of fact that Mr. Seton and Miss Talbott had become extremely warm friends, while the other couple remained wholly indif-

ferent, and were as prosy as an old stale volume. 'Where shall we go? Why, we haven't visited the little chapel, which lies on the outskirts of the town, and is known as Queen Anne's Chapel, since it was built by some missionaries whom she sent out.' Arrangements were made that they should choose some starry night, cross the lake, and make their way over the fields to the chapel, where it stood on the edge of an old pine forest. The party were in high spirits that evening. As they pushed off the cool breeze blew freshly in towards shore, and the long boat swiftly glided over the smooth waters of the lake, which reflected all the beauties of the sky overhead. From time to time the two rowers rested on their oars, allowing the boat to float gently over the motionless surface. The silence of the evening was unbroken, save by a snatch of song that came from a sailing party further down the lake.

"It was growing late when the boat touched the shore. Its occupants disembarked and began to stroll slowly along the narrow lane leading up to the old stone chapel. Tall elms growing on either side of the lane, interlocked above, and through the open chinks in the dense vault of green leaves glimmered the soft light of the twinkling stars. Scarcely a word was spoken by anyone, since all felt the peculiar charm of such an evening. It was a gloomy spot where the building, long since disused, stood. Behind it stretched a wood of pine, borrowing additional darkness from the evening's twilight. The yard about was overgrown by struggling sumachs and briar bushes. How the old porch cracked when they stepped upon it. A rusty key hung by, which opened the heavy door with a grating sound. 'It's like reading some old book,' said Miss Talbott, when first she glanced about the interior, dim with the evening light. Everything remained as when the building had been used; it now contained sacred dust accumulated for many years.

"Can you imagine the prim congregation that once sat in those high-backed benches, listening to hour-long sermons,' said one of the party, approaching the reader's tall desk. On a nail near by hung an old silk robe. Mr. Hunter had seen this, and, unobserved by the others, quietly slipped it on, walked down the isle solemnly repeating the first words of the service. At first all were startled by the sudden apparition, but soon laughed at his comic figure.

"What a capital idea it would be to be married in such a romantic spot,' said Seton to Miss Talbott, and quickly taking her by the hand, followed by the other couple, marched slowly down the isle, led by Mr. Hunter. As soon as they reached the desk Mr. Hunter turned and they stood before him. He laughingly muttered a few words, raised his hands above them, and ended saying, 'I do now solemnly declare you man and wife.'

"A first-rate priest you would make, Hunter,' said Seton, little suspecting how near his approach to the truth. Hunter started suddenly, drew the robe from his shoulders, and nervously hung it back on the nail. If one could have seen his eye at that moment, it would have appeared more like that of a serpent ready to sting than that of the dull, ridiculed Hunter. Something like a fiendish satisfaction shone in them. What had he done? No one had remarked anything strange. The party, laughing and chatting, passed down the isle and out of the chapel into the cool evening air, refreshing after the close, dusty atmosphere within. In their conversation and walk back to the boat they scarcely noticed how dejectedly Hunter fell behind, and failed to enter into their merry circle.

"It was a visit so odd and charming that I shall never forget it,' said Miss Talbott, and her words were truer than intended, for it was not soon forgotten.

"To have followed Hunter to his room that night would have been to have found him busily packing his trunk and

writing a note, which now lay on the table, directed to Seton and the party of that evening. All that need be required to explain Hunter's non-appearance at breakfast next morning was easily so done by the reading of that note. Its contents ran as follows:

"Last evening I committed a great sin. My profession, which I neglected telling you before, is that of a minister. The mock marriage in the chapel last evening was performed so quickly and thoughtlessly by me that I was horrified the instant I uttered the last words, for you four were legally married. I cannot retrieve what has been done, nor can I bear to meet you again.

G. C. HUNTER."

"The surprise that was pictured on the face of each one at the reading of this is difficult to imagine.

"'Well, let us see if what has been done can't be undone, provided we do not wish it to remain as it is,' said Seton, casting a glance at Miss Talbott, whose eye caught his look, and in it he interpreted that no change need be made. But the other two thought it a ghastly joke, especially when they realized its full import and consequence.

"'It's well enough for you,' said Louise Talbott's friend, 'since you and Mr. Seton will remain married, but I am now engaged and shall have to obtain a divorce.'"

For them the summer had been a truly romantic one, and not to be forgotten. Mr. and Mrs. Seton remained through the season, but the others separated for home.

Such was the very extraordinary case which the young man stated to the lawyer and heard his doom of seven years given for one night's fatal mistake.

Last year there was a reunion of the party at the Springs. Poor Hunter, long ago forgiven for his blunder, was among them, and ready to join in the laugh that went round as they assembled in the old stone chapel and rehearsed the story again.

"MERRY BARD."

Apropos.

DRINKS the thirsty earth—
Drinks the rain she craves.
Drinks from wind the waves,
Borrowing its mirth.

Drinks the sun from sea ;
Drinks the moon from sun—
Joy fills every one—
What, then, hinders me ?

College Government.

“THE perpetuation of a paternal government in our colleges, in the midst of a self-governing community, is one of those anomalies which curiously survive by the mere strength of inertia, long after the changed circumstances demand a change of methods.” Such are the opening words of one of the many editorials that have appeared in prominent papers during recent years on the subject of college government. The faculty have under consideration at present sweeping changes in the curriculum. We therefore deem it a fitting and proper time to direct their attention to this subject, and urge it upon the consideration of the trustees. It is indeed an “anomaly” that a community of more than five hundred persons, engaged in the same pursuits and having a common interest, should have no voice whatever in their own government. It is seen to be far more strange when we consider that one hundred and seventy of these five hundred are voters, men who have a voice in the election of presidents and governors ; who help to elect the legislature of this state, and who can control the elections of this town. They put in power those who make the laws which the faculty have to obey ; those in whom is vested the

right to grant or to refuse college charters. And yet in the college government, which is far nearer and more important than the rule of states or towns, they have nothing to say. This is wrong; it must be so, because our professors and books of political economy teach that the government of a body by laws in the making and administration of which it has no part is a bad and false principle. It seems, then, that the very men who teach us that a certain theory is pernicious, compel us to endure its practice. One reason for this absurd state of affairs is, perhaps, that the trustees do not recognize the "changed circumstances" which "demand changed methods." In their time the college did not teach as much as the first-class high school of to-day. The age and character of the college student is different. The age of the graduate then averaged eighteen, whereas it is now twenty-two or three. The paternal government which was appropriate then is inappropriate now. Some of our colleges have recognized this fact. It is our firm conviction that the sooner Princeton's trustees do the same the sooner will they do something for the lasting good of the institution. We urge the adoption of a system of self-government similar to that in vogue at Amherst and Bowdoin. There are some objections to it, but it has been thoroughly tried at these colleges, especially at Amherst, and has given satisfaction to both students and faculties. The advantages of such a system here would be many. The responsibility of selecting a number of their fellows for positions on the executive committee, or Senate, would make the students careful and conservative. The exercise of selecting them would fit the students for the duties of citizenship. The knowledge that the administration of the law was in the hands of their own representatives would change the whole tone of the college, and would make the relations between teacher and taught far different from what they now are. We are describing the actual effects of the system, as seen elsewhere. Self-government in college commun-

ities is no longer an experiment. Last term the pupils of the Lawrenceville School took a case of discipline into their own hands. A trustee of our college, on hearing of it, said: "Ah, if the Princeton students would only act that way." We reply: "Ah, if the trustees would only give us the opportunity!"

T. P.

Voices.

[This department is intended for the free expression of College sentiment. The editors disclaim all responsibility for the opinions expressed.]

Figures for Yale.

THERE is a custom prevailing at New Haven which seems to compel every Yale man to "claim everything, and to claim it exultingly." There is nothing which in any way affects college life in which, if Yale claims amount to anything, Yale does not lead the world. It is this which seems to constitute the larger part of what is known as "Yaleism" and of those things designated as "Yalensian," though it may be doubted whether these terms can be defined even by those who delight to use them most.

This custom, however, is liable to involve those who follow it in serious error. The April number of the *Yale Lit.* furnishes us with a beautiful and instructive illustration. In speaking of the Ohio Club recently organized at Yale, it has this to say:

"It is a plan which is purely Yalensian, and, indeed, from its nature, must remain so; for it is doubtful if any other college in the country has a large enough representation from the distant States of the Union to make such organizations desirable."

Such wild statements as the above are not unfrequently made by the more flighty portion of the Yale press, but

they were hardly to be expected from so eminently respectable an old party as the *Lit.* The point at issue is one which could have been settled in five minutes by a comparison of the Yale and Princeton catalogues for 1883-84. Certain it is that if such a comparison had been made, that portion of the article which we have quoted would never have been written. But since the *Lit.* lacks either the time or the inclination to verify its statements, we will kindly furnish it with a few figures. The official reports say that in the undergraduate departments there are thirty-six Ohio men at Princeton, and thirty-two at Yale. Kentucky has twenty-one representatives at Princeton, and five at Yale. The only Western State in which Yale leads Princeton to any extent is Illinois. But in spite of that our representatives from Yale's Western stronghold have been numerous enough to form a compact and growing organization.

It appears, then, that Princeton at least has not only enough representatives "from the distant States to make such organizations desirable," but that in a majority of cases she has more men from those States than Yale has.

J. H. C.

Princeton Teachers.

IT IS to be hoped that the recent agitation of the question whether a Chair of Pedagogics should not be founded, or some provision made in the curriculum for those who desire to become teachers, will result in action by the trustees. The wisdom of such a step is beyond dispute, as the prosperity of those colleges which assist students in preparing for this profession testifies. The establishment of the Lawrenceville School on its present basis, as a feeder of Princeton, is justly expected to increase the attendance and

advance the standard of the college. This policy deserves the attention of the alumni, and is a practical indication of a way in which the zeal every graduate is supposed to feel for the interests of his *alma mater* may be exercised. The power which an instructor possesses to fix the choice of his pupils on the college from which he was graduated is by no means despicable. Few can be expected to furnish the liberal endowment necessary to support a school as a place of preparation for a single college, but there are a number whose influence can command positions which should be filled by Princeton teachers.

One scheme for the advantage of those who intend to teach in New Jersey has been set on foot. At the last session of the State Legislature a bill was introduced by Senator Vanderbilt providing that a diploma of Rutgers or Princeton should exempt the holder from the examination to which other applicants for positions in the public or normal schools of this State are subjected. At the request of the Board of Education the bill was allowed to drop, but it is possible, we understand, that it will be strongly advocated at the next session. The justice of such an act is as apparent as the benefits which would accrue from it to these schools. A college course not only furnishes a more exhaustive stock of knowledge than can be obtained from a common school education, but, by its nature and purpose, trains and cultivates the mental powers to that degree which enables them to classify information for practical use and to impart it to others in the most tangible form. The State schools would certainly be benefited by the employment of such instructors, and it is to the interest of the college to obtain all possible influence in this direction.

The majority of our students, however, come from private institutions, which can be reached not by legislation but by the individual efforts of graduates.

S. D.

What Shall I Read?

IF EVERY man in college were to air through the college press his literary views, the number of effusions and diversity of opinion would naturally be very great. Presumably in reading, as in other pursuits, mental or physical, each individual has his hobby. But suggestions do not always come amiss. We hear a great deal at present about the tendencies of the present age. In the line of books the leaning is in great measure towards fiction, and that of the lighter class. The plea is often made that the mind needs recreation, amusement; anything, in short, but instruction during its hours of relaxation. How long this idea will last cannot now be determined. We are not decrying fiction. Its value, both as a pastime and an educator, is well established. On the contrary, the complaint is that in the mad rush of the popular taste after so-called "light literature," much that is good is passed by, on the ground of insufficient novelty. The argument applied to old books seems to be that because they are old, they consequently are also musty. The reverse can just as well hold true, that, like wine—for books are the distilled thoughts of mental growth—age may improve them, as contrasted with the present cast of thought. The present generation of novel readers, therefore, by reason of this tendency to depreciate older works, not alone misses much of pleasure, but is even completely ignorant of the names, much more the contents, of these works which delighted our grandfathers. Of these productions, some are occasionally read, others are kept off from polite tables; still others, it must be conceded, are really dull, but more remain well worth the reading. Their perusal is, to a reflective mind, explanatory of the character of the audience addressed as well as of the circumstances of time and place; and, on the principle that mankind is ever the same, equally applicable to our own day.

Whether it is owing to their inherent interest, to the growing indifference and mental callousness of our own day, or rather to a satiety of this kind of reading, it is certain that those novels produced much greater impression, and that minds were susceptible to their influence much more than our present society or other novels can hope to cause. Macaulay well gives in his letters his experience when reading any of these old-time romances, and his example is a good one to follow. As the summer is approaching, and it is an impossibility to keep pace with the present current literature, to anyone who is at leisure we would suggest that he retrace his steps in imagination into the past, where he will find a mental feast ready spread, which will amply satisfy his cravings for novel (?) and entertaining reading.

C.

The Circular.

THE printed letter addressed by Dr. McCosh during the spring vacation "To the parents and guardians of the students of Princeton College," has been adversely commented upon by the public and college press. In this action the zeal of our respected President for the reputation of the institution appears to have outstripped his judgment. It is true that the circular was regarded with favor by its recipients, but they were already satisfied of the excellence of the professors' motives, and the rectitude of the methods employed in the government of the students, as our presence here testifies. The class of people which the letter was designed to influence, namely, those who have sons in preparation for a college not yet selected, was reached only through the comments of the daily papers. The inferences thus gathered would be anything but favorable to the growth of the college. By them an outsider would be led to suppose either that the discipline to which we are subjected is

such as to call for a public and official defense, or that the letter is an exponent of some ill-feeling existing between faculty and students. Groundless as these charges are, their tacit assumption will be apt to defeat the object for which the letter was written.

In the eyes of the students it is objectionable on several grounds. After the absolute and manly retraction of the unproved charges, it seems a little like "rubbing it in" to galvanize into life a subject so completely dead. Again, it was indirectly an answer to an anonymous letter, which, it has been said, should always be ignored. The statements of the circular in regard to the attitude of the faculty towards the questions then discussed, are unsatisfactory, and must be so from the very nature of the course pursued. It is impossible and undesirable to formulate a policy which professes to be a mean between the rigorous police of a prep-school and utter neglect of the moral welfare of students outside the recitation room.

Considering these difficulties involved in writing the letter, would it not have been better to have left it unattempted?

X.

The President's Western Trip.

IN READING the newspaper reports of the alumni meetings at which Dr. McCosh was present during his recent western trip, the hearty tone of the remarks offered and the interest taken in all that pertains to the Princeton of the past and present were noticeable. The American tendency to speech-making was of course indulged, but no one had a word of disparagement for Old Nassau, and the singing of the old college songs, in which gray-haired and beardless graduates alike joined, recalled many pleasant recollections of early days. The enthusiasm with which they were stirred can not be considered surprising. The addresses

delivered by our respected President were clear and succinct statements of the increased prosperity of the college during his presidency. The gifts bestowed by friends of the institution, the improvements in grounds and buildings, the increase in the number of instructors, the extension of the curriculum, the School of Philosophy and the projected Art School were duly mentioned. The general influence of the college, the purpose it is intended to subserve, questions of college government and the position athletics should occupy in the attention of students were also discussed. Any information regarding the status of Princeton was received with marked attention, and material benefits may be expected as results of the tour.

The formation of a Princeton College Alumni Association at Omaha was perhaps the most important event of the trip. The advantages accruing to the college from such organizations are, under any circumstances, of great value. In the present instance, the fact that no other association composed of the graduates of any eastern college exists as far west as Nebraska adds to its importance. As our representation from the Middle States appears to remain about constant, any increase in the number of students must be expected from this section of the country. The arrangements made for special entrance examinations, to be held next June under the auspices of this alumni association, is a departure which could be made extremely valuable by the establishment of such a system in other principal cities at a distance.

S. D.

A Style for the Stilted.

THE merit of an essay consists either in the matter which it presents or the pleasing manner in which the writer expresses his thoughts.

Bacon's advice in regard to study and reading is invaluable; his moral and didactic treatment of atheism, dissimu-

lation, envy, adversity, honor and reputation, exhibits searching analysis of the mind and a thorough appreciation of the relative values of different motives and passions. Pope's calm reasoning probes the very soul of man, and removes pride and discontent from the list of reasonable failings. The works of other eminent essayists, such as Emerson, DeQuincy, Froude and Alison, are treatises on literary and scientific subjects, and are valuable for the information they impart rather than the style in which they are written.

Of that class of essays which charm and interest by their light and easy style, Lamb's *Essays of Elia* may be taken as the type. His sketches are terse and full of thought, but never didactic. They abound in classical allusions, which are neither commonplace nor pedantic. His humor reflects himself, his interests, his preferences, sometimes even his pain. The laments in which he indulges at the decay of beggars, and his eulogy on chimney-sweeps, proceed from a philanthropic disposition. He describes the discovery of Roast Pig, and sings its praises in a true epicurean manner, while the dismay of the Chinese fire insurance agents at the resulting increase of the number of conflagrations is naïvely mentioned. The secret of his success in this branch of literature is his love and study of human nature. This is an important consideration in extenuating the endurance of his fame. Like Shakespeare, Lamb was a humorist, but his delineation of character is more humorous, less analytic than the masterly sketches by which the dramatist achieved his literary immortality.

Macaulay's essays are distinguished alike for excellence of thought and splendor of diction. He possesses a vast fund of knowledge on every subject of which he treats, either principally or incidentally. The manners and customs of the peoples of India and Holland, the literature of Italy and the orators of Greece, the constitutional and public history of England and the West Indies, the achievements of famous Frenchmen and Englishmen, Germans and

Romans, are discussed with the same thoroughness and familiarity. While his information is wide-reaching and accurate, his style is vigorous and pleasing. His descriptions are brilliant and frequently relieved by flashes of sarcastic humor. The peculiar terms of the spasmodic friendship which existed between Voltaire and Frederick the Great, and the pusillanimous conduct of Barère are derided with a persistency almost vindictive. The advantage such a writer possesses over other essayists is found in the ease and pleasure with which his works are read. A simple and fluent style is not incompatible with depth of thought. On the principle that we are apt to admire what we cannot understand, involved sentences and strained expressions produce a more profound impression, which, however, is dispelled by careful reading. On the other hand, a graceful mode of expression is sure to reach the greatest number of readers, and the thoughts it contains are stamped on the mind with a more agreeable and lasting impress.

ROSICRUCIAN.

Editorials.

THE regular date hereafter for the appearance of the LIT. will be between the 15th and 20th of each month.

THE Contribution Prizes for Vol. XXXIX, competition for which closed with last term, have been awarded as follows: First, Mr. Theodore Pershing; second, Mr. Jonathan Sturges; with honorable mention of Mr. Charles F. McClumpha. The judges were Professor Hunt and Messrs. Moore and Paden.

ALL REPORTS of the recent game with Amherst testify to a feeling of genuine enthusiasm for their nine, shared by every man in Amherst. It knows no wavering of confidence, and has backed the nine from the very first. Let our nine feel that it has such a spirit back of it in this crisis.

Our New Prize System.

WITH the current year we propose to make the following changes in our prize system. As heretofore, prizes of twenty dollars each will be awarded: in June for the best essay; in September for the best story; and in January, again, for the best essay. In addition, we offer a series of three contribution prizes as follows: one of ten dollars in October for the best series of three or more accepted contributions handed in up to date; another of the same

amount in February for the same number of contributions dating from October; a grand contribution prize of twenty dollars at the close of the volume for the best series of contributions for the whole year. Any contributor is eligible for one preliminary and the grand contribution prize, but not for the two preliminary prizes. No one contributor is eligible for more than two twenty-dollar prizes. In awarding any prize we will always consider whether the best article or articles in the contest are up to the standard. The judges for the contests, as heretofore, will be selected from among the faculty and graduates.

Proposed Substitute for the Grading System.

THE *Princetonian* has published an indefinite account of a rumored change in the present grading system. We give below the definite details of the scheme now under consideration by a committee of the faculty, but which has not yet come up for final discussion. It has been a matter of common experience with all professors, that examination papers fall naturally into large groups, but that the papers in each group are hard to be distinguished. This is the basis of the scheme proposed. Each professor is to divide his papers into four groups, viz.: *summa cum laude*, *magna cum laude*, *cum laude*, and passed. In the first group there cannot be less than five or more than fifteen; in the second, not less than ten or more than twenty; in the third group, not less than fifteen or more than twenty-five; the remainder, of course, fall in the last group. In order that any student be passed *summa cum laude* for the whole year, he must be passed as such in the ratio of nine out of ten studies. In order that any student may graduate *summa cum laude*, he must have been passed as such each year of the course. The essential feature of this system is its flexibility. As far as

we have examined it, it clears away all the abuses of the present grading system. It seems to admit of none of the absurd distinctions which the present system requires. It would certainly set a higher ambition before the student. We favor its adoption.

The Athletic Association.

WE cannot condemn too severely the apathy which prevails in college concerning track athletics. It was so apparent on the occasion of the recent preliminary intercollegiate games as no longer to be ignored or excused. Princeton has always been, and is now, fortunate in having men who are worthy to represent her in any intercollegiate contest. She has behind her a good record at the Mott Haven games. What is needed now is a lively general interest, which will insure more spirited competition in the future. A larger number of contestants is necessary to develop new material and encourage the men already in the field. There is nothing like a spirit of genuine interest and enthusiasm throughout the college to back and to insure the success of any athletic interest. But it is especially true of track athletics, in which the efforts are so entirely individual. If the college looks forward to good records by its representatives on May 24th, the least they can expect in return is support and encouragement.

But as the darkey preacher remarked, when the collection was being taken up after a revival meeting, "Dere am no sperrit in de congregation where dere am no cash," so, in college, a "spirit" of enthusiasm without cash is not enough. The Athletic Association is now in debt. Why? Because the college has not taken interest sufficient to attend the annual meeting of the athletic games. The games did not cover expenses. What is the legitimate consequence? A

subscription must be asked, if the Association is to continue. For, if a representation is to be sent to Mott Haven, financial support must be forthcoming. In plain terms, the situation is this: the college has itself created the Athletic Association, in that it has elected its officers; it has authorized them to do the work, and expects them to secure laurels in the contests with its rivals; and yet it fails to give them substantial financial backing. Can it then reasonably expect of them a handsome showing at the intercollegiate games?

It is with some sense of contrast that we turn from this general apathy shown inside to the lively interest taken by the alumni outside the college. Its last expression is the presentation, by Mr. C. C. Cuyler, '79, of the Mile-Run Championship Cup. This is a splendid addition to our athletic trophies. We hope that not the least important result of this gift will be the rapid spread throughout the college of the spirit of enthusiastic zeal for Princeton which prompted it. It would be the most gratifying manner in which the college could show its appreciation of Mr. Cuyler's generosity.

Changes in the Curriculum.

WE TAKE pleasure in announcing to the college the changes in the curriculum which have been recently adopted by the authorities and are to go into effect during the next college year. From time to time, as increased facilities and new professorships were secured, new courses have been added and old ones enlarged in the scheduled studies of each class. The additions and enlargements were necessarily more or less indiscriminate. For, since the accumulation, though extensive, was gradual, the fact was overlooked, which became apparent later, that too large a

number of courses were required at one time. Other evils were involved. This was the problem. The solution which has been worked out by the committee in charge is now for the first time laid before the college. It is sound in theory. It will undoubtedly prove successful to the extent to which it will be put in practice in the contemplated changes, for the reform, though not extreme, is radical in the right direction. It has certainly been carried as far as practicable, for experience has shown upon what branches concentration should be required of the student and what others should be specialized by being made elective. But the difficulty has been that, with the unusually large range of electives offered by Princeton, no other plan between the complete elective system of Harvard—which, though ideal, is not practical—and the system now contemplated, could be devised. In short, our curriculum is too extensive to be further condensed. The wisdom and necessity of several minor changes following in the train of the general reform have been too long-felt to be questioned.

In general, then, Princeton has assumed a position intermediate between the complete elective system of Harvard and the more conservative one which is practiced with Yale, in that she has not one-half as many electives. Reduction in the number of required studies pursued at one time has been proportionate to the increase of time allotted to each. Most of the Junior and Senior studies now occupying one hour a week will be extended in time to two or three hours. This will reduce the number of studies pursued at the time in Junior year from nine to six; and in Senior year, from ten or eleven to six or seven. Several courses have consequently been crowded out of the list of required studies. The required course in English literature will hereafter be completed in Junior and made elective in Senior year. Since the time allotted to it has been increased, while the total amount required is essentially undiminished, this will in reality enable those interested in the branch to pursue it

still further. This is a change as gratifying as it is legitimate. Geology required has been transferred from Junior to Senior year. The course in Physiological Psychology in Junior, and in Metaphysics in Senior year, will be made elective. Two changes are announced for Sophomore year, the addition of a required course in History, and of a portion of Physics, viz., Mechanics, as preparatory to the Junior year work.

One result of the reduction in the number of studies pursued in one term we feel sure will be appreciated. The same time has been allotted to examinations as heretofore; but since there are fewer subjects, there is leeway for extended time between each examination.

We are gratified to find an actual increase in our list of electives—one in International and Constitutional Law, under Professor Johnson; another in History, embracing American History and Politics, under Professor Sloane; and Dean Murray's new elective in English Literature; besides the others, mentioned above, which have been changed from required to elective, but are apparent and not actual increase in the curriculum. This widening of the range of electives still further confirms Princeton as second only to Harvard in all that conspires to make up the worth of an institution of learning—a position which is proved by the recently published statistics, compiled by each college and university separately.

The electives will be offered in groups to assist the student in his selection. This does not imply that he will be compelled by any cast-iron system to choose them only in the groups formed. In fact, his freedom of selection will be still further secured by a new choice allowed at the end of second term. In first and third terms, Wednesday afternoon will be left free from college exercises until 5 P.M.

In the train of this reform in the curriculum, we await with interest the reform in the present grading system, now in prospect.

Literary Gossip.

THE GOSSIP made one of his occasional quiet little trips to town last month, this time purposing to delight eyes and ears with the aid of Miss Ellen Terry and "Much Ado About Nothing," for though all that is staid and proper, he is not above such vanities as the play when opportunity offers, and while there he dropped in at a favorite haunt of his, a book-store in one of the side streets near the post-office. This not by any means the typical little old shop of the novels, in truth approaches the last only in being very dark and very dusty, otherwise 't is a large, busy place, filled with books, people, and plenty of snug corners where one may sit and browse away for hours unnoticed. The Gossip anticipates a visit to that dusky, uninviting-looking shop with a pleasure only equaled by that with which he looks forward to passing a long, dreary winter's afternoon by the fireside in some grand old library. Yet the two are quite different. The visitor enters the library humbly, with unassured step; the books look down upon him with calm, dignified glances—they have no concern with this intruder save to aid and teach him; he has no influence over their fates; here they have been for years, and here they will still remain, with nothing to disturb the quiet and repose of their retreat but the hushed whisper of some lowly learner or trusted friend. But in the book-store all is changed. The new books seem to feel that they are on approval, the old that they are but sojourners, and look about with deprecating eyes for a good master. Their dignity is taken away, but they have a Bohemian-like kindly air that puts the stranger at his ease and makes him feel at home. "I can adopt these fine fellows as my friends; I can take them home with me if I wish," he says to himself, and is mightily pleased, then, by what a glamor is cast over one as he steps from the noisy street inside! "Canst thou do likewise?" says a still, small voice. "By the help of these I may try," he can answer, as he stands before the silent speaking assemblage on the shelves, and thinks again the great thoughts and does again the great deeds of the men whose hearts lie open there to his hand. Nay, ever and anon the Gossip, as he sits at his desk and pens these words, must, from pure sympathy, cast his eyes lovingly over at his old friends and companions of a long three years on the wall opposite. There's inspiration in the very act.

As the Gossip was wandering about among the Bohemians he spoke of a moment ago, he saw a couple of additions to their number, whose acquaintance he felt bound to make. So, perching himself comfortably on a high stool, he proceeded to do so. Of "The Hessians in the Revolution," he had seen reviews in the papers, but in regard to its contents

had been unable to form the least idea therefrom; all he had gathered being a faint glimmering as to the structure and authorities of the book. It seemed a pleasant, entertaining treatise enough, giving a very fair account of the Hessians' share in the war, explaining why they were looked on with such universal detestation in New England, and making them out not such bad fellows after all. But we thought the best part of the book were the extracts from the diaries of the German officers, written at the time. These tell us how much struck the writers were with the appearance of wealth and plenty in America, the comfortable houses and gardens, and the fair fields of corn and wheat, and how they wondered that people could rebel against a government under which they enjoyed such blessings. These young officers were much taken with the fair rebel damsels they ran across from time to time, of whom we learn that "they have pretty little feet, a very white skin, and a healthy color in their faces without having to paint, wear red mantles and long gloves, and peep coquettishly with their roguish eyes from under some kind of well-made shade hat." One of those who were captured at the battle of Trenton and sent as prisoners to Fredericksburg, Virginia, tells us that the ladies of that district are "beautiful, courteous, kindly, modest, and withal very natural and easy," and becomes really pathetic at leaving the hospitality and kindness he met with. The night before departure the German officers entertained "sixteen fair dames of the first rank, among whom were General Washington's niece and sister, with a collation and music, both instrumental and vocal, in which the ladies joined as well." In faith, thought the Gossip, as he read these words and reflected on some information he had lately received from his Glee Club friends, history doth, of a truth, repeat itself. "The MacLise Portrait Gallery" comes appealing to that desire we all feel, to know more about the great lights of literature than we can gather from their books, some facts of personal history, some witty saying or amusing anecdote which will let us into a knowledge of their character as it appeared in their everyday life. This "Gallery" is a series of portraits of all the well-known literary men of the day, which was first published in *Fraser's Magazine*, between the years 1830 and 1838, and is now reprinted with additional and full notes on each by the editor. The pictures, drawn of course surreptitiously, with a singe of caricature and many a strong hit on the personal peculiarities of the originals, are excellent, though in the old-fashioned outline style. They are mostly by Daniel Maclise, R.A.; some by Alfred Crowquill, and a few, perhaps, by Thackeray. The editor's criticisms on literature are at times not, perhaps, as sound as they might be, but his anecdotes and reminiscences are original and instructing. In his note on Carlyle, he tells us that Carlyle refused the degree of LL.D., offered him by Harvard College in 1875, because, to use his own words, "American Universities are mere semblances, their degrees are the silliest sham feathers, and I am unwilling to join in heading the

long line of D.D.'s and LL.D.'s—a line of pompous little fellows hobbling down to posterity on the crutches of two or three letters of the alphabet, passing to the oblivion of all universities and small potatoes." Rather hard on us over here, was it not? Apropos of international courtesies, the Gossip was told by a relative of his, who happened to overhear it, of a very neat rebuke administered to Thackeray by a young lady in New York, and which he thinks worth repeating. When Thackeray was in this country, he seemed almost to pride himself on his rudeness; attending evening receptions in his honor dressed in coarse everyday clothes, making brusque uncalled-for remarks, &c., &c., while on occasions, if he chose, he could appear to the very best advantage. Seated at a dinner next this young lady, who was famed for her beauty and wit, he said to her, perhaps meaning only to tease, "Miss B—, I have heard that all American ladies paint; can you tell me whether such is the fact?" "Ah, Mr. Thackeray," replied Miss B—, "you should not believe all you hear; for instance, I had heard that you were a perfect gentleman." An answer which proved quite too much for the self-esteem of the litterateur in question, who refused to speak to his fair neighbor for the rest of the evening, though they afterwards became very good friends.

To meet that popular taste above alluded to, for descriptions of surroundings and scenes of favorite authors' lives and books, we have two finely illustrated, well written articles in the May magazines. One in the *Century*, on the "Salem of the Elder Hawthorne," by his son, with a promise of a further account of his residence in Concord, Boston and Brook farm. The other, in the *Manhattan*, gives a beautiful picture of Reinini, where lived and died Francesca, hapless heroine of Dante's and Boccaccio's romances. The *Manhattan* also gives us an article entitled "Whose Sonnets?" throwing doubt on Shakespeare's authorship of the same, and containing such charges, not proved to our satisfaction, as that he received money for dedicating his productions to certain great men, that he sold the use of his name to anonymous writers, and that he encouraged the attributing of whatever was fine and successful to himself, whether it were his or not. Mr. Richard Grant White throws another thunderbolt into the camp of Shakespearean devotees in his article on "The Anatomizing of Shakespeare," in the *Atlantic Monthly*. He makes some very just remarks on the excessive adulation to which certain students are prone; proves by example that the text in places has been twisted to mean more than it can possibly do; claims that Shakespeare has little originality, being in debt for most of his ideas to older writers, and concludes by promising to show in a future paper that the dramatist was "lacking in purpose, regardless of truth, right and decency, and did his daily work as if he, like his own Iago, were without the Moral Sense." We prefer to wait for further developments, however; the questions above suggested seem to admit of a good deal of discussion. Of answers, no doubt, there will be no lack.

Princeton is well represented in the magazines this month. Professor Johnston has a long paper in the *Princeton Review* on the question, "Shall we have a Second Federal Convention?" Taking the ground that we should, he speaks of our great national political evils, and shows how, in this way, they could be obviated and dealt with. In the course of the paper he makes the admirable point that when the first convention was held it recognized only the Nation and the State, whereas now another important factor has arisen and must be taken into account, namely, the City. Professor Osborn discusses "Illusions of Memory," in the *North American Review*. He clearly and amply accounts for those wierd, vague feelings as of a pre-existent state which comes over most men at times, and gives a number of interesting cases. It seems as if the subject were large enough to admit of one or two more entertaining papers of the same kind.

Editors' Table.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them."—*Macbeth, Act I, Scene III.*

THE SEASON, with its transforming influence, not only tints with green the stretch of russet meadows, brings a new song from lazy frogs and old tunes from weary organ-grinders, but it works wonders—yes, makes havoc in sundry college communities. The welfare of journalism is jeopardized by a change of managers. We shut our eyes and try to feel the dignity of our new position. The old staff have left—actually gone, with their great accumulations of experience and wide acquaintance in educational circles and floods of critical advice. The glory of nine successful numbers filling their breasts with honest pride, and with a tear both of relief and regret, they have handed over to us the keys of the sanctum, and here we are. Thirty and nine years have the fair virgins danced about the altar, and the temple sacred to the Muses has become a familiar sight in editorial sanctums. But while we meditate on the glorious possibilities of Volume XL, a voice from the South startles us with its cry: "We await with some interest the maintenance of the standard by the incoming boards of the Junior classes."

Having now something to work for, we "shake" all around with our numerous exchanges (strangers, most of them,) and gleefully take up the quill. Let us see how our college friends spend their time. But where shall we begin? The list is long. The editor's heart sinks. Surely

something ought to be done to prohibit the evil. A small revenue or low license might have some effect. No, here is an opening; something new and striking. It's a girl with flowing hair and robe slightly *decollete*. She looks happy and shows much *Life* and spirit. Her name is *Quip* and she comes from Yale. We look long and tenderly at the names of the three editors, and wish them success in their arduous labors; for the violets are blooming over the grave of poor *Tiger*, and memories *will* come up. As for the jokes and illustrations, most of them are to the point. We have never had the pleasure of seeing the sort of dude that appears on page nine. The species, however, may exist. "Our New Shell" would scarcely do for the canal, as the sail would be apt to collide with the railroad bridge and thus render "fast time" impossible. The formula for work done indicates profound physical research, and the cannon in the stern shows the inevitable bent of the Yale man. The verses are not "taking," but, as a whole, the first number is a decided success, and we shall look with greater expectancy for the appearance of *Quip* No. 2.

The Yale *Lit.* informs us that the trumpets of internal strife have not been heard within the precincts of Yale conservatism, and, moreover, the Princeton Faculty are mentioned as having had some experience in exercising their disciplinary powers. The *News* remarks: "How pleasant it is in such whirlpools of reform to see the dignified, conservative and just attitude of our own Faculty. But for further discussion we would refer to our little relative, *The Princetonian*, who, by the way, has started out vigorously with a new force of 'men.' As usual, he is a little impetuous, and is ready to climb all offenders, especially those who would slander the fair name of Princeton. He fairly boiled over with rage when the *News* called Dr. McCosh's circular a collection of 'rambling statements.' The chief feature thus far is the introduction of a supplement devoted to base-ball and lacrosse. Truly, the *Vassar Misc.* was wise when she quoted *The Princetonian* as authority on athletics. Though the page devoted to the Only Big Railroad Show may be considered by some to be very ornamental, it shows decided lack of dignity. We trust, also, that the board will not be held responsible for the statements made."

The *Herald-Crimson* and *News* have been having a few spirited rounds to decide the place of the Freshman ball game. Indeed, the topic has occupied so much space of late, that we thought it might possibly be a scheme of the editors to furnish matter for their daily issue. A few more advertisements might be introduced when news is scarce.

The *Virginia University Magazine* next attracts notice, and the titles look interesting. But the author of "Themes for a Psalm of Life" gives us more than we bargained for, in the shape of seventeen pages of very rambling philosophical (?) meditation. He tells us that it is *doubt* which gnaws like a worm at our very vitals; and he deals in such terms as

"inconceivability," "tenable hypotheses," "revelation," "real and ideal," till we almost expect to see the familiar lines:

"Entity and quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies fly."

We would not advise that the space devoted to amateur metaphysics be limited. "An American Novelist" and "Lovers and Poets," while lacking maturity, show true literary appreciation. In the athletic department of the *University* tennis is booming, as "five brand-new rackets have appeared on the campus." We regard the advice of the editor most apt when he says, "We counsel the novices to take unto themselves new courts, as it is inconvenient—not to say impossible—for twenty-five men to enjoy themselves all at once on the same court."

We are rejoiced to see that the cause of moral reform is at present not confined to the borders of our own town, but that students of other institutions are interesting themselves in municipal affairs with a view to putting down evils. *The Dartmouth* tells us that profanity has increased to an alarming extent in Hanover during the last month, on account of April rains and no side-walks. As there seems to be no feasible plan of doing away with the *showers*, a communication suggests an appeal "to the better judgment of the people to rid themselves of this discomfort and elevate the standard of morality." By laying a few planks or flagstones over the worst spots, great good might be accomplished at small expense. An old friend of Dartmouth writes: "I know there are still champion wielders of the ash who wear the 'green;' and further, I would like to see Dartmouth beat Princeton this year." Hurrah! so would we.

Looking about for a poem which would fitly express the feelings of a lover of nature at this charming season, we find that *Argus* has one evidently intended to convey that sentiment.

"See the festive little lamblet,
For spring he doesn't care a darnlet;
And the William Henry Goat
Eats tin cans and ancient pot-
Ato skins ad libitum,
For gentle April now has come."

Argus has twelve editors. We advise the compiler of the above to ponder long and seriously on these sensible lines from *Argo*:

"Polish your verse brightly,
Use the files you say,
Were my verse filed rightly,
It were filed away."

A new Jason walks the deck of *The Argo* (*non passibus acquis*, for it's his first week out), and scans the horizon for passing sail. However different the manners and customs at the various colleges, there is one respect in which we are all united (co-eds. excepted), and that is the

adornment of our rooms. Just apply this bit of verse to your own mantel-piece, dear reader, and see if there is not some sympathetic throb:

"Pictures of maidens debonnaire
From tin-types laugh with don't-care air,
While over all one passing fair
Drives every stranger to despair."

Hanover Monthly discourses on Daniel Webster, and most decidedly disapproves of the marking system in the Indiana Oratorical Contest, which is, according to articles given, attended with great unfairness. An editorial asks: "Shall we have a Field Day or an Arbor Day this year?" Though no explanations are given as to the character of the "day," we imagine the occasion might be a pleasant one; in fact, co-ed. institutions need some such recreation, as athletics are necessarily limited.

Calendar.

MARCH 21ST.—Clio Hall, Senior speaking. 1st prize, R. K. Prentice; 2d prize, Wm. Chester; honorable mentions, J. H. Neely and A. Pomerene.

MARCH 22D.—Officers of the Tennis Association elected for the ensuing year. President, Depue, '85; Secretary, Hilliard, '86; Treasurer, Halsey, '86; Board of Directors, Stevens, '84; Thompson, '85; Paton, '86; Brown, '87.

MARCH 26TH.—Annual meeting of Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association, held in New York. Election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mallon, of Yale; Vice-President, Mr. Renter, of Harvard; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Poe, of Princeton.....Foot-ball directors chosen: Harri-man, '85; Shaw and Bevin, '86, and Stearns, '87.

MARCH 27TH.—Dr. John Hall delivered address in Marquand Chapel.

MARCH 28TH.—Annual Glee Club Concert in New York, Chickering Hall.....Announcement of new members of *Princetonian* board: J. D. Bedle, '85; Warren Chapin, '85; D. Edwards, '85; J. K. Mumford, '85; J. H. Gaines, '86; F. T. Kane, '86; W. H. Johnson, '87.

MARCH 29TH.—University base-ball team announced, "subject to change:" Harlan, '84, n.; A. Moffat, '84, p.; Edwards, '85, a.; Cooper, '85, r.; VanAusdal, '85, s.; VanEtten, '87, c.; Clark, '85, (capt.) l.; Belknap, '84, m.; Reynolds, '86, r.

APRIL 5TH.—First game of the season. Philadelphia vs. University, in Princeton. Score, Philadelphia, 3; University, 9.

APRIL 9TH.—Second term closed.....Prof. Packard and wife sailed for Europe.

APRIL 12TH.—Prof. Winans sailed for Europe.

APRIL 14TH.—Monumentals vs. University, in Baltimore. Score, Monumentals, 3; University, 6.

APRIL 15TH.—Glee Club concert in Philadelphia.

APRIL 16TH.—Glee Club concert in Washington.

APRIL 17TH.—Glee Club concert in Fredericksburg.

APRIL 18TH.—Glee Club concert in Richmond.

APRIL 23D.—Trentons vs. University. Score, Trentons, 11; University, 4.

APRIL 24TH.—New Yorks vs. University. Score, New Yorks, 13; University, 3.....Clio Hall, preliminary Lynde Debate. Successful contestants, J. M. Baldwin, R. K. Prentice, E. Miller; Alternate, J. N. Forman.

APRIL 28TH.—American Lacrosse Team vs. University, in Princeton. American Team, 4 goals; University, 1 goal.

APRIL 29TH.—Trentons vs. University. Score, Trentons, 8; Princeton, 4.

APRIL 30TH.—Newark vs. University. Score, Newark, 3; University, 4.
.....J. M. Harlan elected captain of University nine in place of C. S. Clark.....Baird Prizemen: First Baird Prize, James M. Baldwin; Second Prize, Job E. Hedges; Prize for Oratory, George M. Harper; Poetry Prize, Thos. M. Nichols; Prizes for Disputation, first, John C. Murray; second, Alfred G. Reeves.

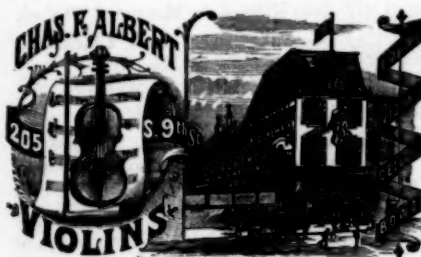
MAY 1ST.—Yale Lacrosse vs. University, in Hoboken. Score, Yale, 2 goals; University, 1 goal.

MAY 3D.—Athletic games at Stenton; three second prizes for Princeton.

MAY 5TH.—Tennis tournaments began.....Annual meeting of P. C. Bicycle Club. Officers for ensuing year: President, Bedle, '85; Vice-President, Cameron, '86; Secretary, McKecknie, '86; Treasurer, Stearns, '87; Captain, McClumpha, '85.

MAY 8TH.—Circus in town.

MAY 9TH.—Nine leave on tour.



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